

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE NATIONAL ERA.
A BROTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ONLY SISTER.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAP. XII.

Steadily, under the midsummer's eye of fire, were we beating up the River of the West. No welcome awaited us, at city or cottage of the almost deserted coast; for, hailing from the region of infection, our boat was shunned as plague-freighted. No passenger joined our little number, no passer by lingered near the forsaken heap of wood and coal, over against which we from time to time moored. We were a world to ourselves, shut out from all others.

Among the lady passengers was a brawny, bustling little woman, with a kind eye and a voluble tongue, who, on the second day of our voyage, made some remark which indicated that she had been for some weeks a nurse in the Charity Hospital at M—. Worn out with labor, she was journeying to rejoin her friends in Missouri.

"When those who had nursed the sick from the first," said she, "were themselves taken off, it became too terrible for me to endure! Poor young Livingston! he was the last!"

Eulalie had been lying upon a couch at my side, with a veil thrown over her face to shut out the sunlight, whose glances and beauty mocked the anxiety that hung upon her heart. She started up, with white lips and dilating eyes; but I held her firmly.

"If ever mortal deserved a crown in heaven, it was he!" went on the unconscious bearer of the cruel tidings.

"Was he alive when you left M—?" I hastily asked, trembling for my poor, speechless sister.

"Alive! No, indeed, sir; these hands closed his eyes!"

With a scarcely-audible moan, the poor girl fell back upon the cushions. The blow had hung too long suspended to crush at once. I took her hand, and tried to speak to her. She caught it from me, and with a gesture of utter despair, buried her face from my sight for hours.

When that face was again lifted, it was flushed with the fever whose poison must have been lurking in her veins for days. Perhaps it was better so!

The fever mounted rapidly to its crisis. Once, only, and that during the night of intensest doubt, did the mist of delirium clear from her mind. She looked up into the face of the nurse, and smiled.

"You closed his eyes, and you will close mine, too! Thank God! It is best to die with the dearest one He ever gave me!"

Many years after, in the bitterest hour life ever brought me, those words came to me like a prophecy: "It is best to die with the dearest!" Not then, sweet sister; not then. Thy mission beneath the clouds was not so soon over!

Wan and light as a snow-wreath seemed the face that carried from the deck of that steamer at the end of our voyage. Fearing to leave her, and unable to take her inland, I sent for Mary and the children to join us. My political destinies pointed out a change of residence; and our home in prairie-land was broken up.

I found more than one invalid under my charge, for Mary's cheeks seemed to have been daily growing paler and thinner during the few weeks of my absence. I lost no time in transporting both to the Saratoga waters.

Gradually, as Time and Religion wrought their healing work, a healthful reaction came to the body and spirit of the younger. The steadily failing health of Mary created a demand on her energies, which they soon burned to answer. Man, driven out from Eden, was mercifully sentenced to "toil in the sweat of his brow." It is well for the sorrowing to be heavily taxed!

During all those clouded years, to which I look back only to recall the one sunbeam that lighted their gloom, when the wife and mother lay on a bed of languishing, too often deserted by one whom public cares had, at her wish, made their slave, Eulalie was the life and blessing of the chastened household. How soon the little ones learned to share their griefs and joys with "Aunt Lattie," and shed on her bosom the tears a mother's.

How the racked heart of a brother rested on her, as he reluctantly tore himself from that chamber of cheerful helplessness, and from those twining childish arms that clung to his being like tendrils! Oh, sister! a weak staff, indeed, may lend the strong man strength!

The heart which has suffered its utmost, bears a talisman against life's ills. In other years, a trifle had clouded my sister's sensitive spirit; now, trials light or weighty were alike powerless to shadow her quiet cheerfulness. At times, indeed, a shadow of the past would come over her clear face; but it was never suffered to rest there. In the lonely night-watches, the pitying angels came to her with dreams that won her from those heart-rending memories. A little incident revealed to me this new phase of her "inner life."

A terrific storm had swept our coast, strewn ocean with wrecks, and land with mourners. A family of our acquaintance had been bereaved in a manner most distressing, and their grief had called forth the sympathy of all who know them.

"Take this paper, Ralph!" exclaimed Mary one morning, as I entered her sick room. Tears were blinding her eyes as she spoke. "I want to hear you read that little poem—please?" I commenced as desired—

"THE LOST AT SEA.
The night was dark and fearful,
And deep sleep eyes were sealed;
Watching the lonely sky,
Pleading with One on high
For one at sea!"

The storm had ceased its riot,
The winds and waves were quiet;
Through the home-shadowing trees
Swept a sound of mourning—
Lost—lost at sea!"

Oh God! To take the lid
Just ere the hour of bridal!
Thy lingering life-stay, mother!
Sister! thine only brother,
Lost—lost at sea!"

Only to creep above him!
Tears blazed to those who love him!
But the cold, pillow dead
Tells not where any sleep.
Lost—lost at sea!"

When, in the foam's white shrouding,
Life's longest years were crowding
One hour of agony,
What prayer was there up to Thee,
God of the sea?"

Oh! hearts in blindness breaking,
Look up to Heaven's waking!
Joy for the exile, woe for
Tender love took home!
No more at sea!"

Eulalie had entered as I commenced, and seated herself in the shadow of the heavily-drawn window. Her head was bent over her work basket, and an unwonted glow was on her face.

A thought flashed over me like a meteor.

"Yes! brother!" and in another moment that face was hidden upon my shoulder.

"It came to me," said she, gently, her eyes blinding as of old, "and I did not drive the dream away! If I have a gift from Heaven, the world must share it!"

A strange spell had sorrow given to the timid, self-doubting girl. Strong-hearted and confident in the Power that had endowed her, Eulalie went before the world with no faltering step. Womanhood in the life of the head, says one, a refuge from the desolation of the heart-temple. So, when health stole again to the cheek of the dear invalid, whom she had long watched and attended, my sister turned in earnest to the career marked out by the instinct of her soul.

Criticism did not spare her, but its arrows were blunted by sympathy with the simple paths her sweet words wore. As the cool rain of heaven on fainting lips, so drop some post-mortem upon faded spirits; and with such, it was her's to bless the world—thrice blessed herself in giving! It was her constant aim to speak to that inner heart, which "as sweet as face to face in water," in every breath to whom God ever gave his image. Therefore, rich and poor read, loved, and wept over the words of my Eulalie.

Fame was of little consequence to her; but it found her out. Grace Atherton had long ago merged the "Meta" of school-days in a round of domestic and social duties which left little time for dreaming, but possession of her early friend, introduced her into the world of which she was still queen, and would have exulted in her triumph, had not something unfathomable in the glance of her once open-hearted schoolmate, repulsed all warm congratulations.

"Grace," wrote Eulalie, "is proud that I fill that place in the 'world's great eye' which she relinquished for the empire of love and of fashion. A wide-spreading and mighty influence is her's, cheering and blessing poor as well as rich. Perhaps her eye and lips are making a deeper impression on the world than any pen could leave. How little this applause gives to the heart's yearnings! Oh, to be of some real use to this great suffering world!"

She came back to us unchanged, by all the adulation that learning and wealth had heaped upon her—the same home-loving, child-loving creature. It must not be supposed that, in her throng of admirers, there had been none to speak more than admiration. Yet, so seldom was her life's quiet tenor disturbed by the intrusion of matrimonial speculators, that I, who knew how warmly many manly hearts had appreciated her, one day observed—

"How is it, that no one tries to rob me of my sister?"

A look from the depths of her soul rebuked me, but was instantly displaced by a thoughtful smile.

"I don't know, brother, indeed! But it is a blessing that no true affection is wasted for my sake—though my friends love me, I well know!"

"Yes; more than one has cherished a love unspoken," she have had occasion to know. It is an enigma to me!"

"I think it need not be," she said, in a low tone, with downcast lashes. "I do not believe those sacred words are often spoken, unless called out by some manifestation of sympathy on the part of her who receives them. I have long studied to repress all tokens of this sympathy, even where I deeply felt it, lest it might be mistaken for the warmer feeling with which I have no time to do!"

One proved too hard for her philosophy, however—one high in the honors of this world, to whom I could gladly have entrusted the happiness of my gentle sister, had it been in my keeping. She better knew her own heart, and gratefully refused. I could not restrain a word of serious inquiry.

"Do you never intend to marry, Eulalie?" It was repeated, as was spoken.

"Forgive me, sister!"

"There is no need!" she faltered; it is a natural question, and one which I may often have to answer. I cannot change my feelings, brother; and so I cannot feel that the thin veil which divides spirit-life from ours has divorced two hearts which God made to beat for each other!"

The name of Ernest Livingston was never on the lips of either.

WESTWARD HO!

Never before has there been a heavier emigration to the far Western States than there is this spring. It is an emigration not only of newly arrived foreigners, who fly from taxation and tyranny in search of a Utopia on the prairies; but the substantial farmers of the Eastern States are going by thousands to Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, and wherever else their lives may be safe in the far West. Every steamboat that goes down the Ohio carries hundreds of Pennsylvania and Ohio farmers, in search of new virgin farms in the remote States. Even Ohio and Indiana cease to be regarded as the West, and, with their cities and their railroads, they are entirely too civilized and too crowded for a considerable portion of the population.

The apparent abandonment of the old States is not the result of any exhaustion of their means of supporting life, or any failure in any of their resources. The contrary of this is shown by the steady and rapid rise in the value of real estate and the immediate filling up by immigration of the vacancies created by emigration. The population of Pennsylvania was never growing so rapidly as it is now. Her farms, her mines, and her factories, were never so productive as at present. But the unsatisfied American spirit will never be contented, so long as there is a square mile of vacant territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Pennsylvanians will still be found to leave comfortable homes and cultivated farms, and risk all upon a wild, unbroken prairie, where they must erect new household gods, and gather around them, with infinite patience and toil, new home comforts and associations.

There is no evidence in this, for by no other means can we explain a characteristic so extraordinary. In no other country do people abandon homes and comforts merely to migrate to another part of the same country, governed by the same laws, and with similar characteristics of soil and climate. The result to be accomplished is the filling up of our vast unoccupied domain, which must be done before America and American institutions can fulfill their destiny. What that destiny is, cannot now be safely predicted, though all feel that it is a high and noble one. The Western movement of our thousands of substantial citizens is, however, one of the great elements at work towards its accomplishment.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

HIGH PRICES OF "SLAVE PROPERTY."—At the recent sale in this county of the property belonging to the estate of Edmund Townsend, deceased, the slaves, 285 in number, all field hands, and a large proportion of them children, sold for \$207,195, being an average of \$727 in some instances, a young man and wife, having no children, sold for \$3,005; many boys and girls, from eleven to twenty years old, brought from \$1,500 to \$1,700; two twin brothers, fifteen years old, sold for \$3,700; a brother, sixteen years old, sold for \$1,700, and a sister of the same, sixteen years of age, for \$1,600. The negroes were sold on twelve months' credit, and the prices were unusually high. They were, however, principally bought by the legates. The entire amount of the sale was about \$330,000.

Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate.

In Passau, Sardinia, a superstitious girl, twenty years old, being asked by her father whether she would go to hell with her long or to paradise without it, as soon as she returned home, cut out her tongue.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1854.

"SOUTHERN INGRATITUDE."

Quite recently we published an extract from a speech delivered by Hiram Ketchum, jr., one of the Compromise Whigs of 1850, in which he complained bitterly of the ingratitude of the South to the Northern champions of its rights. Southern newspapers treat this complaint pretty much as it deserves. They say:

"It is a very great mistake to imagine that the South conceives that she incurs an obligation of gratitude to the men of the North, who manifested a willingness to concede her rights under the Constitution. What we claim of the North is not grace, but justice. The Constitution secures to the South certain rights and immunities, and by accepting the Constitution the North became bound by certain corresponding duties. The individual owes to society particular obligations and services, and no man imagines that he deserves applause for keeping the peace or respecting the life of his neighbor. Yet such pretension would be precisely analogous to the claim of the North to the gratitude and applause of the South, on the ground of a submission to the obligations of the Constitution. * * *

"The complaint of Southern ingratitude exposes the worthlessness of Northern patriotism. Did anybody imagine that Mr. Hiram Ketchum and his compatriots of the Union Safety Committee supported the Compromise of 1850 from any but the highest and most disinterested motives? Was it suspected for a moment that they were only engaged in a commercial speculation, and that they would want a handsome dividend on their investment in patriotism? 'Virtue is its own reward,' is a maxim of which Mr. Ketchum does not comprehend the import, and in accordance with which he does not adjust his conduct. With him, a noble action, like a good speech at the bar, is only worth the reward it brings. If, in 1850, he contributed his cash to the funds of the Union Safety Committee and his eloquence to the cause of the Constitution, it was not from any abstract love of justice or romantic devotion to the country. For all his patriotic eulogies he expected the reward of Southern gratitude; and now that his speculation miscarries, he threatens to avenge himself on the South by transferring his eloquence and his virtue to the service of Seward."

Very good—the rebuke is timely and well-administered. If the Union Safety Committee men simply sustained the enforcement of a Constitutional obligation in 1850, they have no special claim upon the gratitude of any section, for extraordinary services. If they went beyond Constitutional requirement, and performed works of supererogation in behalf of Slavery, their appropriate reward is shame and contempt. Why should the South put its trust in those who have proved false to their own section and people? The Northern Compromisers of 1850 did go beyond the Constitution. They knew that Congress had power to prohibit Slavery in Territories, that the power had been repeatedly exercised, that the policy of Slavery-restriction was coeval with the Government; but they abandoned this policy, and, by waiving the exercise of an incontestable right, afforded Slaveholders a pretext for assuming that it was surrendered. They knew that no Constitutional obligation rested upon them to legislate further in relation to Fugitive Slaves, and yet, to disarm the wrath or win the favor of the Slaveholders, they joined with them in passing an act, so grossly violative of every principle of justice, and every safeguard thrown around personal rights by the Constitution, that it does not deserve the name of Law, and has no title to the respect of a law-abiding people.

If, in their own judgment, these acts were required by the Constitution, what right have they to claim reward at the hands of slaveholders? The fact that they make such a claim, betrays a consciousness on their part of the performance of extra-constitutional services in behalf of Slavery.

Northern politicians are slow to learn. Let them go as far as they may in their zeal for slaveholding "rights," as they are called, they will still fall short of the mark. Let them render the most signal services, their language must still be, "We are but unprofitable servants"—if saved at all, it will not be by our own works, but by the grace of our puissant masters, the slaveholders." How can they come up to the demands made upon them? Do they believe that Slavery is the wisest, most productive, and most beneficial combination of Capital and Labor that the world has ever known? That that state of society is best in which the Capitalist owns the Laborer? That the highest form of civilization is attained where the inferior classes are the property of the superior? That Slavery is the origin and end of the Union of these States, the corner-stone of the Federal Constitution, the only sure foundation of Republican Institutions, the source of our national greatness, and the soul of the world's commerce? That the chief duty of the Federal Government is, to provide for its security, enlarge its area, augment its power, and confirm its supremacy? That no right, no interest, which conflicts with its claims, is entitled to a moment's consideration? That the only American statesmanship is that which has been baptized with the spirit of Slavery, the only American treason, resistance to its demands? This must be their creed, and their creed must regulate their conduct, but let them not expect even then the gratitude of the South; for, after all, they will only "manifest a willingness to concede her rights under the Constitution." "They confer no special favor on the South," says the Richmond Enquirer.

"We are not conscious of any extraordinary obligation of gratitude. If Northern men support the rights of the South, they only discharge their imperative duty."

And it might have added, if they fall victims to their fidelity, we cannot help that. They must blame the fanaticism of their own people, not our determination to enforce our rights. Nor can they expect us to enumber ourselves with them, after they have been disabled. We need whole men, not cripples—men that can do us service, and at the same time take care of themselves. Webster and Fillmore were very good men in their way, willing to oblige us, but unfortunately without

the faculty of taking care of themselves. No with Dickinson and Cass—excellent gentlemen were they in their generation, but equally unfortunate.

The new candidates for our favor, now so prominent on the political stage, may, it is to be feared, meet a similar fate; but how can we help it? We are not responsible for Northern fanaticism, nor can it be expected that the South shall build an asylum large enough to accommodate all its victims. Besides, the friends of the Constitution and our rights must learn to take care of themselves, while discharging their duties to us under the Constitution. The mere fact that, in their zeal to serve us, they have been so blundering as to forfeit their political position at home, shows that, however willing, they are far from being wise; and as they can give us kind words, but nothing else, they cannot expect from us anything more substantial in return.

Are not these things written in the book of the Chronicles of Slavery?

THE DISCUSSION—HOW CHARACTERIZED.

From the year 1847, the discussion of the Question of Slavery has been carried on in Congress with little intermission. For the last seven years, there has not been a session from which it has been excluded. There was a lull after the legislation of 1850; but the quiet was disturbed by the Presidential canvass of 1852; and this Congress has witnessed the revival of the Discussion in all its length and breadth. For three months, it occupied nearly the whole time of the Senate; and in the House, since the reference of the Nebraska Bill to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, although other questions have been all the while formally under consideration, the subject of Slavery has been the great theme. Our neighbor of the Sentinel, on the 19th, presents the following statistical statement of the speeches made on the Nebraska Bill in both Houses, up to that time:

"There were twenty-eight set speeches made in the Senate on the subject, seventeen for and eleven against the bill; and so far, in the House, there have been delivered thirty-one speeches—fifteen on one side, and sixteen on the other side of the question. According to our recollection, the following are the names of the gentlemen who have participated in this debate. We have classed the speeches in the House as for or against the bill, not wishing to be understood, however, as saying that all of those gentlemen are unqualifiedly for or against it. We will cheerfully correct any error that we may fall into:

"SENATE.—For Senate Bill—Messrs. Badger, Brodhead, Brown, Butler, C. S. Dawson, Foxton, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Hunter, James of Tennessee, Norris, Beck, Thomson of New Jersey, Toombs, Towner, and Waller—17.
"Against the Bill—Messrs. Bell, Chase, Cooper, Everett, Fessenden, Houston, Seward, Smith, Sumner, Wade, and Clayton (who, however, is in favor of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise)—11.

"HOUSE.—For the Senate Bill—Messrs. J. C. Allen, of Illinois; C. C. Bradley, of Mississippi; Beckwith, of Kentucky; Bridges, of Pennsylvania; Brooks, of South Carolina; Caruthers, of Missouri; Clingman, of North Carolina; Ewing, of Kentucky; Faulkner, of Virginia; Keitt, of South Carolina; Macdonald, of Maine; Preston, of Kentucky; Smith, of Tennessee; Stephens, of Georgia; and Wright, of Pennsylvania—15.

"Against the Senate Bill—Messrs. Chandler, of Pennsylvania; Collier, of Tennessee; Foxton, of New York; Franklin, of Maryland; Hunt, of Louisiana; Macon, of Indiana; Cutting, of New York; Matteson, of New York; Meacham, of Vermont; Milburn, of Virginia; Nichols, of Ohio; Norton, of Illinois; Gerrit Smith, of New York; Washburne, of Illinois; Washburn, of Maine; and Yates, of Illinois—16."

We do not vouch for the accuracy of this; but it serves to give some idea of the business in which Congress has been principally engaged.

From 1847, we have been an attentive observer of the Congressional debates on Slavery. They have taken a wide range, and have taxed the highest energies of our public men of all sections. The questions discussed have been—

First, Slavery, in its relations to Natural Law, the Law of Nations, the Constitution of the United States, the State Governments, the Action of the Federal Government, and the intentions of its founders.

Secondly, Slavery, in its relations to Parties and Political Policy.

Thirdly, Slavery, under its religious, moral, and politico-economic aspects, in its relations to the interest of the slave, of the master, of the country in which it exists, and the communities associated with it.

In the discussion of the first two classes of questions, the Argument for Freedom has been, in our opinion, fully, carefully, and triumphantly presented, by Representatives and Senators from the North and West; but Truth obliges us to admit that, on the third class of questions, Slaveholders, in our judgment, have had the strength of the argument on their side, wrong and untenable as it is. It has been their habit, after disposing of the constitutional question, to deal with Slavery, on its merits as a social system, boldly comparing it with free labor institutions, advocating it on the grounds of morality and philanthropy, and for economic reasons, putting their arguments in the most plausible form, and attempting to give them weight by cunningly-arranged statistics.

That they have made the subject their study, that they have studied it with the one idea of justifying and strengthening their position, and that they have presented the argument for Slavery, as a social system, with more force and ingenuity than has ever been done by Pro-Slavery men in any other country or age of the world, cannot be questioned, we think, by any intelligent man familiar with their efforts. And on this ground, we repeat, they have not been met by their opponents. This, of course, is a general remark, to the truth of which there are a few exceptions. Occasionally, at long intervals, we have listened to a speech, in which the argument against Slavery, apart from all constitutional and legal questions, has been urged with overwhelming force; but, as a general rule, the members of Congress from the free States have evaded this issue. Either their own opinions in relation to it, have not been matured, or they have been conscious of a want of knowledge upon the subject.

Their opposition to Slavery is the result, rather of education and circumstances, than investigation and reflection. The subject, in the aspect of it to which we refer, has been

shut out of the organizations with which they have acted, and the newspapers they have been accustomed to read. While the South has been filled with dissertations on the intrinsic good of Slavery, and of its vital importance to all its interests, while Southern men have been preparing themselves with the whole argument in favor of maintaining and perpetuating the system, the majority of Northern men have either taken no interest in the subject, or used their efforts to suppress the agitation of it in the free States.

The only class of persons in these States that can furnish writers and speakers fully qualified to meet on this ground and refute the champions of Slavery, is the class so often stigmatized as fanatical, bigoted Abolitionists. But, their field of labor has been limited—their publications read by comparatively few of the citizens of the free States, by still fewer of their politicians. Hence, the imperfect vindication of Freedom and Free Institutions, by members and representatives of the free States in Congress. On Slavery, as it regards the Law of Nations, the Constitution, Federal relations, and Party politics, they betray no lack of strength or information—here they can maintain themselves triumphantly; but, on Slavery, viewed in the light of humanity, morality, or political economy, in its effects on Labor, Capital, and the great interests of Society generally, they are utterly at fault, unprepared by reflection, and without the necessary information, to confront and refute the slaveholders.

The time has come when members of Congress from the free States cannot excuse themselves to their constituents, for ignorance on their part of the great argument between Slavery and Freedom. Not a day passes in which they are not challenged to the discussion, and yet they are silent. The sophisms of the Slaveholder, his deceptive tables of statistics, his bold paradoxes, go out to all parts of the country, to mystify and pervert public opinion; and who steps forth to present facts as they are, and the argument as it really is? Error makes its way by audacity and impetuosity; while the inactive friends of truth fold their hands in silence, and have no doubt that "Truth is mighty, and will prevail." We must have something in Congress besides elegant platitudes about the blessings of Liberty and the curses of Slavery, learned dissertations on Law and Constitution, cunning attempts to manufacture "party capital" out of the question, vehement denunciation and invective.

Let the Slaveholder's sophisms about the relations of capital and labor be exposed; let his deceptive statistics be unmasked; let his appeal to the comparative effects of free labor and slave labor on morals, industry, education, commerce, wealth, and power, be boldly accepted, and carefully tried by facts. Let members of Congress from the free States bestow as much time and labor on the study of free and slave-labor institutions, as they are accustomed to give to party politics, or the questions of currency and protection, and they will be able to do what they never have yet done—triumphantly vindicate the workings of their own institutions, and demonstrate not only the wrong of suffering Slavery to get foothold in United States Territory, but its incompatibility with the true growth and civilization of the States in which it now exists.

LITERARY NOTICES.

DAILY BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS; being Original Readings for a Year. Designed for the Family Circle. By John Kettis, D. D., F. S. A., &c., &c. New York: Carter & Brothers. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C. 1 vol., pp. 448.

This completes the series of a Year, and is devoted to the Apostles and Early Church. There is great learning and great condensation of learning manifested in this book. The entire series is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the Bible—and those who have any knowledge of the other volumes will need no words of ours to induce them to purchase this volume. The topics treated of are distinct, and this volume has no necessary relation to those gone before. It is full of historical facts connected with the most important era of the Church history—the debatable ground of all sects, and the point of divergence of opinions which now rule the Christian world. f

THE ETERNAL DAY. By Rev. Horatio Bonar, D. D., of Kelso. New York: Carter & Brothers. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne. 1 vol., pp. 249.

CHRISTIAN HISTORY; or, The Central Power among Men. By Robert Turnbull, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. For sale by Taylor & May, Washington, D. C. 1 vol., pp. 540.

This is a real book—a valuable contribution to the literature of the day—a work suited to the range of thinking minds in the present age of Progress. There are few readers who will not be wiser and better for the purchase and perusal of this last, best work of the very excellent author, to whose talents and industry the reading public are already indebted for other valuable publications. In the language of Schelling, "History, as a whole, is a successive revelation of God;" and it is the aim of this work to evolve Christ in History. The topics treated of are the Central Power—the idea of a God of Creation and Providence, "by whom all things were created, and in whom all things subsist;" or, as the text may be paraphrased, "in whom, and around whom, all facts converge." This great argument has tasked the greatest minds in the past ages. No enigma has been more laboriously sought to be solved, than the relations which man holds to God, and God to man—to resolve the forces acting into their laws of influence and their ways of working, and the destinies to be developed and the finality of all. Skeptics and rationalists of every school, in every age, have tried to meet the demands of philosophy, humanity, and religion. They have all failed, signally, and every century has had its own theories and exponents. There is no solution which will bear the test of human scrutiny, but that which is the subject matter of Dr. Turnbull's book: Christ in History! The chapters are entitled, Christ in Ancient Philosophy; Christ among the Hebrews; The Central Race; The Advent of Christ; Christ in the Middle Ages; Christ in Modern Society.

We commend this work to all our readers as a work of a superior order of thought and investigation; and whatever may be the relations the reader may hold to the Church of Christ, he will not fail to read with pleasure

this new work, in which the philosophy of history and the revelation of the Holy Scriptures are found in beautiful harmony to exalt, high above all praise and worship of men and angels, Christ, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God.

CONGRESS.

The Senate stands adjourned from yesterday to Monday next.

In the House of Representatives, the aesthetic award of one hundred thousand dollars, was tabled; or, in the more emphatic language of Mr. Jarnyce of Bleak House, it was floored. Mr. McDougal, from the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads, reported a bill to establish, by advertisement and contract to the best bidder, a weekly mail line between the Atlantic coast and California. This bill was wisely postponed until the first Monday in June, and ordered to be printed.

The House then, in Committee of the Whole, proceeded to the consideration of the business upon the Private Calendar; having previously, however, agreed that its adjournment to-day shall be until Monday next.

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

We have reason to believe that there is truth in the reports now in circulation that an attempt will be made next week to spring a new Nebraska-Kansas Bill upon the House of Representatives, and to force it precipitately through its passage. It will be identical to the Senate bill, minus the detestable amendment of Mr. Clayton, and the ambiguous and artful amendment of Mr. Badger.

The House is sparse at present. To-day there were seventy members absent. Nevertheless, we do not believe the plotters will succeed in obtaining their "snap-judgment." If they do, however, the Senate will not be fastidious on the subject of its amendments. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and a means of access to Nebraska and Kansas for Slavery, are the primary objects in the view of that body, and it will be but too happy to witness the accomplishment of them at any sacrifice—even of honor itself.

We sincerely hope that every man who is honestly opposed to the extension of the area of Slavery will be constant on duty, and vigilant in his attention to the movements of the adversary.

It has often been vaguely asserted, or intimated, that the power of the Administration, exerted by means of the dispensation of its patronage, would be felt in the House of Representatives on this measure. We regret to say that these outgivings have not, in our opinion, proved baseless. Facts in connection with appointments, and corresponding waverings in the position of gentlemen, are spoken of in accents louder than whispers. It may yet be our duty to speak more pointedly on this subject.

A treaty with Mexico will now, in all probability, be perfected and ratified. It will stipulate for the payment of ten millions of dollars to Mexico, we know not precisely for what. It will also, in some fashion, give the countenance of our Government to the Sloss claim on Mexico.

The amount of deferred legislation before Congress gives assurance of a protracted session. It has been conjectured that there would be a recess of two months at midsummer, and a reassembling early in September; but the autumn elections in several of the States forbid our giving credence to this thought. The present session will in all probability continue until September.

These sayings must be received only as based upon the rumors and conjectures of the capital.

HAVANA.—The steamer Crescent City arrived at New York yesterday morning, from New Orleans, via Havana the 4th, with 104 passengers.

The Captain General has recently been making a tour of all the fortifications, and it was ascertained that 300 guns could be mounted in twenty-four hours. It was rumored that provisions were being carried into the Cuban in the night, and that blasts are being drilled. The number of troops now on the island is near 14,000. The naval force consists of 22 vessels, chiefly small steamers.

A good score is sometimes an expensive thing!

THE INDIGENT INKANE BILL.—A despatch from this city, yesterday, published in the Northern papers, states that "it is understood that the President will refuse to sign the bill granting land for the indigent insane."

LATEST FROM ABERDEEN BEACH.—So far, 120 dead